



Fake IDs

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Fake IDs by jimmywise

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Characters: Belch Huggins, Bower's Gang, Bowers Gang, Henry Bowers, Henry Bowers's Gang (IT), Original Character, Original Male Character, Patrick Hockstetter, Reginald "Belch" Huggins, Victor Criss

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Summary:

Jim's Father works an unconventional job, meaning he's often away on "business" trips, leaving Jim alone for days on end without adult supervision and access to all sorts of less than legal substances, hardware, and other various items. The Bower's Gang finally realizes he has the potential to be an excellent plug and goes to him for realistic fake ids. But that only prompts Jim to strike up a deal with them.

→ This takes place in the same timeline and after "You're Dead F*ggot!"

Fake IDs

Author's Note:

There is a reference to something I wrote in the past that involves Henry and Jim, that I had written for my friends and I am choosing not to post for the time being. But they have a past and it's not pleasant.

“Hey Flamer,” Patrick leaned on the lockers besides Jim’s, shutting his to make sure the other boy was listening. Jim jumped when the door was slammed, crossing his arms as he faced Pat. He wasn’t naturally taller than Pat, but in his boots he was a good inch and a half taller. And since Pat slouched constantly he was even taller. “What’d’ya want, Psycho?” He pursed his lips.

Patrick had noticed before, but was Jim taller than him? He couldn’t be... upon further inspection he noticed the other boy’s boots. That’s why he was taller right now, but he didn’t like it. As casually as he could, he stood up straight. He normally didn’t stand up straight and it wasn’t for any particular reason. Mainly just because it was more comfortable to slouch than to have perfect posture. His lips pressed together, almost feeling threatened that he still wasn’t taller than Jim after standing upright.

Patrick did his best to look unbothered by this. He smiled, “We heard your father’s not exactly the most honest of men.” Jim’s eyes grew wide and his body tense. He cocked his head to the side as he listened to Patrick. “The fellas an’ I want you to get us new fakes. The ones we got right now haven’t aged too well.”

Jim rolled his eyes, trying to push past Patrick who only reacted by wrapping a hand around his waist to stop him. He tucked Jim’s hair behind his ear and laughed, “Where do you think you’re going?” He pushed him back, standing in front of him almost on the tip of his toes in vain efforts to look bigger than Jim.

“I don’t have to listen to anyone who shit talks my father,” he snapped, trying to leave again. He noticed the boys attempt to look taller which only prompted him to stand up completely straight.

Patrick stopped him once more, this time slamming him into the lockers, "I'm not stupid. Everyone knows your father works for the mob and everyone knows that daddy isn't thrilled that his son's a faggot." He giggled, whispering into his ear, "We've all seen the bruises..."

Jim pushed him away, "That's not— shut up. Whatever— *fine*, but if you're using them to get drinks I want in."

"What makes you think we'd let you run with us?"

"The fact that I'm the only one who can get you convincing fakes."

"I could just rough you up a little," That usually swayed kids to act in his favor.

"Only if you promise to kiss me after," he spoke through his teeth, moving a step closer to Patrick to close the distance between them. "I'm not doing shit for Henry. Especially since he has the nerve to send someone else to do his work." Jim pushed past Patrick, speaking back at him as he sauntered away, "Either I hang with you or you find someone else." He ran a hand through his hair, briefly looking at Patrick as he turned the corner into a different hallway.

Patrick let himself relax, slowly letting his body return to its usual posture. He cursed under his breath and stomped off down the hall, not even bothering to go after Jim. Nothing would change his mind. Especially since he would be risking his own ass to get them the fakes. He knew Henry wasn't going to like the proposal.

The rest of the gang was hanging behind the school by Belch's car, skipping the class before lunch. Henry was leaning against the car, lighting a cigarette as Pat approached. "So we getting fakes or what?" He spoke sharply, blowing smoke out of his mouth.

Pat shook his head, "Said he wouldn't do shit for us unless he could run with us tonight." He shrugged.

"And what did you do about that?!" He pushed himself off the car.

“What was I supposed to do?! He wouldn’t have changed his mind if I socked him or not!”

“Who the fuck else are we supposed to go to?!”

A moment of silence overcame both of them, hanging over their shoulders with intensity. Henry was waiting for Patrick to answer, but anything he would have to say wouldn’t be anything the other boy would want to hear. Victor cleared his throat, “We could just let him hang with us for one night. It’s not like the only thing he’s got is the ability to make fakes.”

“His dad’s a fucking criminal he could get us anything,” Patrick added, honestly happy someone else broke the silence with his exact thoughts in mind.

“No fucking way. Anyone sees us with that fag we’d lose our reputation,” Henry snapped, looking back at Victor to shut him up. He turned his attention back to Patrick, poking two fingers into the taller boy’s chest. “Why’re you so eager to have him around, huh?” He took a drag off of his cigarette, waiting a moment before blowing smoke into Patrick’s face. “Is it ‘cause you he sucked you off or somethin’?” His words came out through his teeth, each one charged with malice.

“What the fuck do you think I am?! I ain’t a fucking fag!”

“Then why’d you tell me to lay off of him?!” His face turned red.

“I dunno about you, but I sure as Hell get sick of pickin’ on the same person twenty-four seven! It’s like you’re obsessed with him!”

Henry’s eyes widened, cheeks flushing an even deeper shade of red, “SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU FUCKING PANSY!” He shoved Patrick back, punching him square in the jaw. The boy didn’t fall but he was sent backwards. He put a hand on his face, rubbing away the pain as he moved his mouth around. He spit on the ground, rolling his neck as he stood back up, straighter this time, “You know he’s the only one who’s gonna be able to make’em look real.”

Belch and Victor both knew not to interfere when one of them had gotten into an argument. Especially if it was with Henry. He grabbed Patrick by his collar, pressing the cig deep into the base of his neck. "Tell him *fine*. And tell him he's on thin fucking ice." Patrick pressed his lips together, teeth grinding as he remained expressionless through the pain. He shoved Henry away, his body winding when he stood back up. He remained looming over Henry for a moment, eyes locked with his even as he backed away towards the school to find Jim.

"Henry what the fuck?!" Belch stared at him, almost scared because of what he had just witnessed.

"WHAT?!" Spit popped out of his mouth in Belch's direction, his mouth becoming dry. "HE CALLED ME A FAG!"

"He didn't call you a fag—" Belch started.

"It was implied," Victor swallowed hard, avoiding Henry's eyes.

"He can fucking deal," Henry flicked away his cigarette, crushing it under his heel. His shoulders shook when he exhaled. Had he done— that to Jim for no reason?

Jim poked his head out of the Janitor's closet, lips pursed as he sprayed himself with the small bottle of cologne he had in attempt to hide the fact he spent his lunch smoking in privacy. He moved a bit slower than usual, shutting the door by leaning into it. He was already late to class, but he couldn't care. If he got caught in possession he'd be able to call his dad even though he was all the way in New York for a couple more days.

Before he could get to his class, he had been grabbed and by none other than Patrick. He raised an eyebrow, noticing the burn on his neck and the fresh bruise on his jaw. He snickered, "I just saw you before lunch. What *happened* to you in that half hour? Did you get into a fight or something— I guess it could've been Henry." His eyes widened and he smiled, "He got pissed at you for telling him I wouldn't get you all fakes!" Jim laughed again.

Patrick would have interrupted him sooner if he hadn't been trying to figure out the smell behind all of his damn cologne. His nose was just a bit wrinkled, both of smells somewhat overwhelming after coming at him all at once. "Where'd you get pot in the middle of the damn school day?" Well, how'd he get it so fast considering he was completely sober just as lunch had started.

"From my locker," Jim's smile persisted. "I may have put too much... cologne on, but that won't get me in trouble like the other thing will." He nudged Patrick playfully, shaking his hand off of him. "I really gotta get to class, Pat. What do you want now? I said I wasn't gonna—"

"I know. Henry said fine, but to watch yourself since you're a fag and all."

Jim rolled his eyes, "You can stop acting like you're straight, Patrick, God." He placed both hands on his cheeks. "See you at my place after school. I'll take your pictures and print'em out." He patted the boy's cheeks before slinking into the classroom, winking at Patrick just before the door had shut on himself. He apologized briefly to his teacher, making his way to his desk with more caution than necessary. Some of the other students laughed as it was obvious to them that he was high.

Patrick was stunned. He hadn't even fully processed what Jim had done and said to him, but by the time he could think to say or do anything in retaliation, Jim would already be at his desk. And it wouldn't be smart to barge into a classroom just to chew somebody out for calling him gay. He ran a hand through his hair, staring at the door with his brow knit almost as if Jim was still standing in front of him. He grunted, storming down the hall and to his own class. He'd tell Henry what Jim said when the final bell rang.

By the time classes ended Jim had sobered up. He hadn't even smoked that much weed in the first place, but what he had said to Patrick stuck in the back of his mind and even though he'd be meeting the entire Bowers Gang at his home, he made sure to leave campus quickly just to avoid running into them.

The engine roared as he started his car, burning rubber as he tore out of the parking lot and down the street. He sighed, his heart pounding in his chest. He was hoping that by doing this for them and spending the night with them maybe they'd lighten up with the whole bullying ordeal.

Jim parked his car and lifted up the canvas top, making sure the doors were locked twice over. He always kept the doors locked. His father and mother had raised him to be liberal with locks as their family was never completely and totally safe. He didn't quite understand that until his mother passed away only a few years ago. It was just another excuse for his father to go through with their decision to move to Derry. It was safer out here. For the most part.

To kill time while he waited for Henry and his goons arrive, he elected to work through music he'd been writing. Not knowing that Belch had sloppily parked in front of his home he plugged in his guitar into his amp, immediately playing afterwards, only pausing to turn the volume up. When he turned around, he kept playing, eyes meeting with Henry's. He pursed his lips, trying not to let Henry's sneer get to him. He normally didn't practice in front of people.

Behind him, however, Victor nodded his head to the beat of the song, smiling slightly as the entire group approached. He didn't sound bad at all. He couldn't help but let his eyes wander just a bit, letting them fall to his hands, watching as Jim played each note, watching as his hand moved across the fretboard with ease. He noticed that Patrick was watching as well. Victor cleared his throat, attempting to look somewhere else. He couldn't let Henry catch him looking at Jim like- that.

Jim straightened out his back, keeping his expression relatively blank and unreadable as the gang entered his garage. He put a foot on the amp, leaning forward to turn down the volume, and refusing to break eye contact with Henry. This entire moment was surreal. He never thought that he would willingly let Henry Bowers and the entirety of his gang into his house. Even if it was just the garage.

Pat snorted, "What the fuck are you wearing?"

Jim stood in his hip, holding his arms up in defense, “What the fuck do you mean?” What he was wearing wasn’t something he found odd, in fact he thought he looked quite nice. He had changed when he got home, as he usually dressed down for school. He wore a leather trench coat that was obviously showing its age, black skinny jeans that were torn, a pale pink and white Coca Cola rugby shirt he turned into a crop top, and one and a half inch heeled boots. His fingers were accented with several rings, he wore a couple necklaces, and one bracelet was tied around his wrist.

“You look like the gay Terminator,” Patrick laughed, as did the rest of the gang.

Jim stood up completely, rolling his eyes as he took his guitar off to set it down carefully in a nearby stand. “Whatever. Anyways, I know your conditions, Hank,” He faced them, stumbling forward when his collar was seized. He threw his hands up, eyes fixated on the fist hovering in front of his face.

Henry’s grin disappeared, immediately being replaced with a curled lip and scowl, “What the fuck did you just call me, bitch?!” he shook Jim once.

“Careful, Henry. I haven’t even taken your pictures yet,” he hissed through his teeth. Henry’s nose wrinkled further, lips moving as he searched for something to say. When he accepted the fact that he was at a loss for words he let go of Jim. He smoothed out his jacket, and adjusted his shirt. “Just line up over there. I’ll take your pictures.” He ducked inside the house for a moment to get the camera.

Taking the pictures was easy enough, though he didn’t appreciate Belch’s attempt to make a ridiculous face. He was too prideful to let his handiwork look sloppy even if he was doing it for a group of boys he wasn’t the biggest fan of. He groaned, “Reginald cut that fucking shit out. Do you want it to look real?!” He took the picture during their collective silence. “There,” Jim ran a hand through his hair, ignoring the fact that all of them had reacted to his use Belch’s actual name. But only for a moment. Patrick and Victor laughed together, losing it again when they saw Belch’s face. Henry snickered just a bit too, still trying to keep up this kind of tough

guy facade around Jim.

He hung in the doorway, facing them with a grin, "If you think I'm gonna call him by his nickname you're fucking stupid. It's disgusting and dumb I don't want to say it. If you wanna go by a nickname use something classy- something like *Snatch*," Jim snorted and disappeared inside, backing up just a short moment afterwards. "I'd honestly feel bad making you wait out here. If you want you can- you can come inside. But stay the fuck out of my room and my father's room." He left again, leaving the garage door open, but shut the door to his father's office once he was inside. He wasn't even allowed in there, but he'd get in less trouble if it was just him and not four other wannabe criminals.

Patrick was the first to enter his house, followed by Victor then Henry then Belch, who was still insulted by the use of his actual name and by the suggestion he go by a euphemism for a vagina. The group of four had somehow unanimously decided to find Jim's room. The idea of snooping around had become even more enticing, especially to Pat, now that Jim had verbally expressed that he didn't want them in there.

The room wasn't exactly a room. It was more of a glorified closet and Patrick had found it. The wood of the door was cracked and he could only assume it was because of Jim or his father. The walls were covered in posters, photographs, sheet music and art. He laughed, urging the rest of them to follow him. Amongst the posters was a large Pink Floyd one, but what stood out the most was the large Star Wars: Return of the Jedi poster taped to the wall above his bed. Patrick pointed at it, suppressing a laugh as best as he could so Jim wouldn't hear from the other room.

Unbelievable. Not only was Jim the biggest Faggot at school but he was turning out to be one of the biggest nerds too apparently. As each of them snooped around the room, they found something to ridicule and mock. Though, Victor shut the nightstands drawer quickly upon finding a box of condoms inside. Henry found of a pack of cigarettes and decided to pocket it, while Patrick settled on the picture of Jim's mother. He sneered, "Check out this broad. Maybe he's not as queer as we thought." He nudged Victor and the two shared a laugh.

“No fucking way,” Henry took the portrait from him.

“It could be his mother,” Victor suggested, crossing his arms.

“I’d fuck her,” Patrick laughed with the rest of them, thrusting his hips into the air crudely.

Once Jim finished printing off the fakes and left the office, he wasn’t surprised to find that they had relocated to his bedroom after hearing their laughter coming from that direction. He shouldn’t have said anything. The idea would have manifested itself still, but not as quickly. But upon entering his room to see them lusting over the picture of his mother. He shoved the ID cards in his pocket, pushing past Victor to get to Patrick.

“What’d I fucking say?! Give it back Jackass!” He reached up for the portrait, barely missing as Patrick pushed him back as he held the framed picture up into the air. Henry sneered, “That your mom or somethin’? She’s totally a milf.”

“Shut the fuck up, Bowers,” Jim’s face burned red.

“She *really* is a milf,” Pat snickered. Jim elbowed him, pulling his arm down quickly to grab the portrait before he recovered. He huffed, shoving past them to put the portrait back on his nightstand.

“I knew you had Daddy issues, but who could’ve guessed you had Mommy issues too?” Henry wanted to make sure his words cut through Jim.

Patrick cleared his throat, holding up a bottle of face moisturizer, “Is this your mom’s? Thought your parents were divorced.” He dangled it in the air, lips curled into a grotesque grin.

“No it’s mine and they aren’t divorced,” his voice shook.

“What is she dead or somethin’?” Henry scoffed, looking back at the rest of his gang, expecting them to react similarly.

“Yeah. She’s dead,” he shrugged his shoulders, struggling to keep himself composed.

“Was it Daddy’s *fault*?” he moved in uncomfortably close. Patrick watched them eagerly, his stomach twisting out of the excitement of the potential fist fight.

Jim shut his eyes, his hands balled tightly into fists. He exhaled deeply, opening the drawer just enough to give his hand room to get inside. He maintained eye contact with Henry as he searched, swallowed hard when he found what he was looking for.

“Get out of my house,” he swallowed hard, the handles of his butterfly knife swinging around, leaving the blade exposed. Henry stood there silently, not having expected Jim to react so defensively. “I said get out!” He didn’t plan on raising his voice but he couldn’t help it.

“Not without the—“

“GET THE FUCK OUT!” He pointed at his door with his free hand.

The group of boys reluctantly left his closet-bedroom one by one, Henry being the last to leave. He refused to break eye contact with Jim until he absolutely had to. They surrounded Belch’s car. Henry paced around in the yard, his fists shaking with rage. “Someone fucking— Victor. You go talk to him.” He glared at Patrick. Victor nodded, walking back through the garage. He almost entered unannounced, but decided that it was more polite to knock on the door. He wouldn’t get anywhere just barging back into Jim’s house.

Jim ignored the knocking at first. He didn’t want to see anyone, especially not one of them. The disrespected his mother and they disrespected him, but he didn’t so much care for the latter. He was used to it. Maybe if didn’t answer they’d leave, but Victor knocked again. Jim’s stomach was twisted into knots. He stood up and went to the door, taking his knife with him. He wasn’t expecting to find Victor and Victor alone. He looked past him, staring as the rest of the Bower’s gang threw rocks at the stop sign.

He leaned in the doorway, eyes steadily moving to meet with Victor’s. “You’re still here,” Jim crossed his arms, refusing to even hint at the possibility of letting him inside.

“You haven’t kept your side of the deal.”

“I don’t want to anymore and I never had to.”

“Henry didn’t mean anything by it- it’s just-”

“I don’t care if he meant anything by it or not!” Jim moved to slam the door, only for Victor to catch it with his foot. He forced himself inside and shut the door, wanting privacy more than anything else. Jim reached into his back pocket, ready to defend himself if he had to. He knew Victor wasn’t the same as Patrick or Henry, but he was still violent and he was still friends with Henry. His fingers curled around the handle, but remained in his pocket for the time being.

The two stood there for a moment in silence, Jim being the first to break it, “You looked at me— while I was playing.”

“You have a good sound.”

Jim swallowed, “–Thank you...”

Victor stepped towards him, putting his hands on his shoulders, “Look, Henry’s gonna be pissed if you don’t give up the fakes. It’s not like he’s changed his mind— you can still come with us.”

“Victor I don’t—“ Jim swallowed hard and shook his head, shutting his eyes before reopening them with a glare. He let go of his knife and instead pulled out the cards. “Just fucking take them. I’m not coming,” he snapped.

“Jimmy come on,” he didn’t take the cards yet. “It seemed like Patrick was— Looking forward to it. Henry’s mostly over it and Belch probably won’t talk to you since you called him Reginald.” He laughed slightly, as did Jim. He let his hands linger on Jim’s shoulders for a moment, letting go just before their hands touched. Jim handed him the I.D. cards, “Let me get mine.”

He disappeared for a moment into his bedroom, coming back before Victor got outside. Jim spun him back around, pressing his lips to his. He didn’t say anything after pushing back, he only smiled.

Victor stared at him, his lips parted and eyes wide. Jim winked at him, leaving his house before Victor did. “Shut the door will ya?” Jim smiled, looking at the Bower’s Gang as he approached. The other boy shut the door behind him, still flustered from the kiss. He did his best to cover it up so no one would notice, especially Henry.

He gave Belch and Patrick their fakes first, avoiding Henry’s eyes as he handed it to him. It felt like everyone knew they kissed despite the fact that no one knew and didn’t care to notice his change in mood because they were preoccupied with their new fakes. Patrick frowned, “What the fuck dude?”

“What?” Jim was taken aback. He crossed his arms, shifting his weight to one side so that he was sitting in his hip.

“It has my actual name on it,” Patrick pointed at the card, making sure Jim saw that he was pointing at his name.

“That’s how fakes work, dumb ass.”

“But I wanted somethin’ cool, ya know? Like Brent Thunderstone or something.”

“Then you should have told me you wanted Brent Thunderstone,” Jim stifled a laugh, covering his mouth with his hand.

“Well like– not Brent Thunderstone specifically but—” Patrick paused, looking at his card. “Jim you fucking spelt my name wrong.”

“No I didn’t–” he let his arms fall to his sides, laughing out loud when he saw that he had accidentally typed “Hockstettler” instead of “Hockstetter.” He snorted, patting Patrick’s shoulder in a poor attempt to comfort him. “Fuck man I don’t know what to tell you. But you didn’t want it to be your real name anyways right?”

“It’s not a badass name,” Patrick shrugged Jim off of him.

“Neither was Brent Thunderstone.”

Patrick opted to reply but had been cut off by Henry, “Pat

shut the fuck up and get in the car!” Belch got into the driver’s seat while Victor and Patrick climbed into the backseat. Before Jim could even get close to getting inside Belch’s Trans Am, Henry stopped him. He shoved the ID in his back pocket, “I’m sure Patty already told you to watch your step, but if you don’t cut that faggy shit out or I’ll kill you.”

“I fucking get it,” he shoved Henry off of him, climbing into the backseat while Henry slid into the passenger’s seat upfront with Belch. He grinned, initially taking his seat in Patrick Hockstetter’s lap, only to be shoved off roughly into the spot in-between his and Victor’s seat. This only caused his smile to widen, “I found your lap more comfortable.” He winked at Patrick, spreading his legs apart just a bit as the other boy’s hand wrapped around his inner thigh. Victor rolled his eyes, staring out the window as Belch sped off, the smell of burnt rubber hanging over them for just a moment.

Bottles had been lined up a good ways away from the group of boys, and they hadn’t been put in a straight line as that would make for a better challenge. Henry would’ve gotten his ass handed to him if he snuck off with any of Butch’s guns, but Patrick brought his old slingshot. There’s no way it’d provide the same kind of excitement as a gun, but it was still something to do to pass time.

Patrick aimed at one of the bottles, his eye shut in attempt to line it up with the metal ammo. Just before he let go, Henry grabbed the slingshot out of his hands. He shoved the other boy out of his way, successfully breaking one of the bottles across from him. Jim laughed, watching Henry failed his second attempt to strike one of the bottles with ammo Patrick was reluctantly supplying, but only for a short time.

“Give it back,” he elbowed Henry as he took back his slingshot, fumbling around with the ammo once he had it back. The boys went back and forth, taking turns shooting at the bottles and cans. Victor and Belch watched from their seats, only encouraging the other two when they had successfully hit one of the targets.

Deciding that he had had enough of this child’s play, Jim slid off the hood of the car, sauntering up behind Bowers and Hockstetter with a smile. Both Victor and Belch watched him, remaining silent

just so they could watch to see what happened.

They may have struck up a deal because of the gang's desire to own better fakes, but Jim had been raised by a very paranoid father and careful mother. He didn't trust them, especially Henry, not to leave him unbothered. Especially since he didn't know what they were like when they were drunk. So before he left with them, he hid one of his revolvers in his trench coat. A Smith and Wesson to be exact. He had a collection and this particular one was from the 1930s. His father gave it to him.

From behind both Patrick and Henry he aimed and shot the neck off of one of the empty glass bottles. The gun shot loudly, scaring each of the boys there. It seemed like it had frightened Henry the most however. Jim wouldn't have known that his dad made a habit of using his gun to scare Henry into submission, but everyone else did. Henry was slightly curled in on himself and Jim just assumed it was just because he wasn't aware he had a gun, not because he usually had to try and hide himself from his father. Jim clapped a hand on Henry's back, laughing, "Oh relax, Henry. I was just showing off." He rubbed his shoulders, winking at him as he let go to move in front of them.

"The slingshot was cute, but it was boring. I thought you went harder than that," He looked over his shoulder. "I bet I can get the bottle that's furthest away."

Patrick's mouth hung open, his lips spreading into a smile. Of all the things to happen tonight, he was not expecting Jim fucking Alessi to whip out a revolver. In a weird way that he personally didn't know how to admit to himself, his attraction to Jim was turning into something bigger. He even caught himself wondering why they picked on him so much. He could totally be their plug whether it be drugs or alcohol and on top of that he owned his own gun? He laughed, "Is that yours?!"

"Sure is," Jim stood up straight, beaming due to the extra attention Patrick was giving him now that he had a gun. It was like he was *Cool* now.

"Yo can I shoot it?" Patrick sort of reached out for the

revolver, eyes glued to the weapon in Jim's hand. Henry glared at both of them, his stomach twisting up. He curled his hands into fists for a moment, walking back to the car to grab his first drink. He even handed one to both Victor and Belch. He leaned against Belch's Trans Am, pressing the bottle to his lips.

Jim stood behind Patrick, correcting the way he stood and held the gun. He let his hands linger on Pat's after correcting his hold. He swallowed, looking up and down the other boy's figure, acting like he only did so to correct his posture. "There," he said, "You should be good now..." Jim took a step back, watching Patrick as he pulled on the trigger. The bullet whizzed through one of the bottles and Patrick dealt with the recoil just fine because of Jim's help.

They stared at each other for a moment, silent but smiling. Jim's heart skipped a beat, feeling his cheeks as they flushed red. He looked away briefly, walking back up to him to take his gun back. They each took turns firing the revolver, not really talking, but just enjoying each other's company.

After running out of bullets, as Jim only brought what was already in the gun along with a few extras, and after the sun had started to set, the group of boys had started to wind down. Henry threw his lit cigarette into the fire, taking a seat in one of the lawn chairs they had brought to the empty lot. Belch had been the first one to start drinking. He had insisted that because he was the biggest he was the best at holding his liquor. Though Jim wasn't impressed with the fact that each member of the gang exclusively drank beer.

In his water bottle he drank a lemonade and vodka mix, his nose wrinkling each time he got a whiff of what was essentially liquefied yeast. He stretched out his legs and leaned over the chair, moving to refill up his bottle, adding a little more liquor than he had before. Everyone there was starting to feel varying degrees of a buzz, and Victor was clearly the closest to being drunk.

"Of course the fag has to mix his drink," Henry snickered, finishing off his drink.

“Unlike you I like to enjoy myself.”

“Bet you can’t drink it straight.”

Jim opened his mouth to reply, but instead he stood up, making his way to Belch’s car to find the plastic shot glasses he bought. He only took two; one for himself and one for Henry. He couldn’t help but smile as he poured each glass, filling it to the brim. “Here,” he held out one of the shots. “Cheers.”

Jim threw back his shot soon after he hit his glass with Henry’s, shaking his head afterwards. After all he didn’t exactly have anything to chase it with. He cleared his throat, “Don’t just stand there.” Patrick and Belch watched and waited for Henry’s response. Victor was... mostly conscious still and could find the situation just as amusing if not more so due to the fact he was drunker than everyone else. He laughed, reaching for another drink that would end up being his undoing.

“I don’t like vodka,” Henry glared at Jim.

“Oh don’t tell me the Henry Bowers is about to puss out on vodka shots,” he scoffed.

Patrick laughed out loud, leaning forward in his chair, “C’mon Henry. You really gonna puss out on shots?”

“Shut up!” Henry shot a glare at Patrick before downing the shot. He hissed, shaking his head due to the taste. He drank hard liquor, just not vodka.

Jim laughed, taking the glass and filling it back up again. They managed to each take several more shots before the liquor hit Henry. And it hit him hard. It was never a good idea to drink liquor after having two bottles of beer, but hubris and now desperate attempts to look like the toughest guy there had made him forget the infamous rhyme *beer before liquor, never been sicker*. He groaned, taking the fourth shot from Jim. He shook his head, unable to even handle the smell as he pressed it to his lips. He dumped it out while the gang laughed at him. No one was actually making fun of him, but it was still funny.

He sat near Victor, who had passed out during the contest, with his hands wrapped around his stomach. He groaned again, wanting more than anything than to be able to sleep it off at this point. Jim finished off his fourth shot, watching as everyone was starting to let the liquor send them to sleep. All but Patrick, however. From his seat he watched the fire, listening to the fire intently as it started to die. His eyes shut for a moment, the amount of alcohol in him was starting to get overwhelming, but no one had brought any source of water.

Neither of them knew how to break the silence now that they were the only ones awake, so Patrick stood up, wiped the dirty and dead grass from his pants as he made his way over to Jim. He kneeled in front of Jim, drooping eyes locked with his. He smiled, "You really brought a fucking gun, huh?"

"You and Henry are usually unpredictable. It was my-insurance I guess," he snorted, leaning forward with a drunken smile. "I know now that- that I didn't really need it. But it was fun yeah?"

"Yeah," he sniffed, standing up and easily pulled Jim up with him. Without saying anything Patrick pulled the other boy in for a kiss, cupping his cheek with one hand while the other remained on Jim's hip. Their foreheads met with each other once Patrick pulled back. Jim stared at him, eyes searching through his as he worked to put together his intentions. He kissed Patrick back, stumbling towards Belch's car with him.

Patrick pressed his body against Jim's once they reached the blue Trans Am, kissing and biting down his jaw, down his neck where he settled on his collarbone. Jimmy moaned, eyes shut tightly as Patrick marked him. He reached for the door, unable to open it while he was underneath Pat, but still he persisted.

Patrick eventually picked up on what he was doing and he chuckled into Jim's ear. He pressed a kissed to the dull scar on his cheek as he opened the door. He left Jim shortly so he could fold the driver's seat over, making sure there was enough room to get to the back seat. Jim threw his jacket into the front, shivering as it had suddenly gotten significantly colder.

He slid into the backseat, helping Patrick move the two front seats up as much possible to create as much room as possible for them. Pat climbed in on top of him, fumbling with Jim's belt while the other boy pulled off his shirt, carelessly letting it fall over the seat.

Jim flinched each time Patrick's cold hands brushed up against his skin. He seized his collar, bringing him in for a rough kiss, refusing to let Patrick moves things along too fast. His hips rolled into Pat's, crotch brushing up against his. Both boys were getting hard, though Jim's growing erection was more noticeable now that his pants were down around his knees.

Patrick grinned, kissing down Jim's chest and even going so far as to pepper his skin with a few more hickeys. He stopped briefly, throwing off his flannel and t-shirt with haste. Pat was known for being as lanky as he was tall, but there was still some definition in his chest that made it clear he wasn't as skinny as originally anticipated. Jimmy smiled, wrapping his arms around his shoulders just so he could kiss him again. Their tongue pressed together and wrapped around each other every so often, Jim's tongue piercing surprising Patrick each time. It was so easy to forget about, especially after he'd been drinking.

Patrick tugged Jim's underwear down, licking two of his fingers to make it somewhat easier to finger him open. Jim's breath hitched, reaching out and clinging onto Patrick. It wasn't like this was the first time he had hooked up with another guy in a car, it wasn't like he was especially tight, but neither of them had a condom or lube. Luckily their mutual intoxication left them unable to truly care about the lack of either of those things.

Jim rubbed himself, waiting somewhat patiently for Patrick to pull down his pants. It had taken him long enough since his cock had been strained against his jeans this whole time. He grunted, trying to find a more comfortable position in the car. If it hadn't been for the fact that Belch keep the top of his car open, the windows around them would've fogged up. It would've been easier to keep their heat inside.

He grabbed Jim's wrists, rougher now than he was before. He

gasped and smiled, spreading his legs further apart for Patrick. Normally Jim had a price before he slept with someone, but Patrick had turned into some kind of exception. It wasn't planned, but it was certainly turning out to be worth it. He let out a breathy moan, watching Patrick line himself up, his wrists still pinned above his head. But what Patrick hadn't accounted for, was how loud Jim could get in bed.

With or without lube, Jim was still prone to scream, he couldn't help himself. Though more-so without. His mouth dropped open into an "O" shape, his eyes shut tightly as his asshole took in Patrick's cock. "Sh!" Patrick let go of his wrists, moving both hands to the other boy's waist, pulling Jim in close so he'd be taking in his full length. His movements were slow at first, but he quickly sped up. Jim's mouth still gaped open, breathing out noise each time Patrick pumped into him. He rolled his hips with Pat's, pre-cum dripping out of his cock.

Once they got into a good rhythm, Pat wrapped an arm under his back just to hold him while they kissed. Jim tangled his fingers into his hair, not wanting to let him stop. He moaned once more, screaming out with pleasure when Pat thrust in and his prostate. If they had been out here alone, Patrick wouldn't have cared about how loud Jim was, but since the rest of the gang was sleeping just a few feet away from the car, he quickly plastered his hand over Jim's mouth. He huffed, "You really wanna wake 'em up?" Jim only responded by moaning.

He thought about how to keep the other boy quiet, smiling when he decided to force him to finish. He pulled on Jim's dick, rubbing the tip with his thumb. Patrick wasn't gentle, but judging by Jim's reaction he wouldn't have it any other way. His hands moved from Pat's hair to his back, nails digging into skin as he was edged closer and closer to cumming. His eyes rolled back as he cried out, muffled by the hand over his mouth, seeming unbothered by the cum on his stomach. He cursed, breathless and sweaty after being played with in such a crude way.

He ran a hand through his hair again, his sweat keeping it in place this time. Jim was significantly quieter now, though he wasn't completely silent, which was nice because fucking someone who

seemed to be asleep wasn't as fun as fucking someone who was reacting to what he did. Patrick moaned, his lips parting as he came inside Jim, cum leaking out onto the seat. He rolled his hips into Jim as he finished, holding the boy's hips up as he pulled out. He swallowed, breathing heavily as he pulled his pants back up haphazardly, helping Jim do the same.

They barely fit together on the seat, but it was easier to get comfortable if Patrick held Jim. He kissed Jim before sliding down into his spot. Pat wasn't usually one for any kind of cuddling or spooning, but he was too tired and too drunk to care. Having Jim be the little spoon made it easier and more comfortable to fall asleep. Jim took Patrick's hand, wrapping his fingers into his slowly, falling asleep shortly after.

Victor was the first to wake up, appropriate since he was the first to pass out the night before. He stood up, rolling his neck and stretching as the lawn chair he had wasn't the best for sleeping in. It didn't take him too long to realize that Jim and Pat were missing. He started to shake Belch awake when heard a familiar voice curse from Belch's car after hearing a thump.

Patrick cleared his throat upon waking up, trying to make sense of what happened last night. His head throbbed, but he disregarded that once he remembered the night he had with Jim. He sat up quickly, accidentally pushing Jim onto the floor of the car and hitting his head on the roof, "Shit!" He hissed in pain.

Jimmy groaned loudly, waking up as soon as he fell. "What the fuck dude?" he sat up, rubbing the sand out of his eyes with a yawn. Victor rushed over to the car, leaving Belch behind. He spoke frantically, "Did you guys—"

Patrick shook his head, "No—"

"Yes," Jim struck Patrick before pushing the car door open with his foot. He rubbed the dry semen off of his stomach as he rolled out of the vehicle, still buzzed from drinking the night before. He yawned again, throwing his shirt back on and fixing his pants. As Jim continued to get dressed, Patrick stepped out of the car, holding both

of his shirts. He cracked his neck before sliding back into his skin tight shirt and flannel.

“Belch is gonna be pissed– Henry’s gonna kill you!” Victor had forgotten that he woke up Belch, and Patrick punched his shoulder as the third boy approached. Belch looked from Pat to Jim, watching as Jim lit a cigarette and nodded his head at him from the other side of his car.

“You two fucked in my car?! What the fuck?!” Victor stepped in-between the two to prevent any violence. It was too early to get into a god damned fist fight.

Jim snorted, “It wasn’t exactly that clean in the first place.” He laughed, blowing smoke out of his nose and mouth. He tucked the pack of cigarettes back into his trench coat, laughing as both Pat and Victor held him back from assaulting him.

After preventing Belch from pummeling Jim, Patrick stuck two fingers to their chests, “And Henry’s not gonna fucking know, got it?” He pushed them back, coughing up and spitting out a loogie. The air around them was tense, but they complied. Belch would have to get them back later.

Henry woke up as they cleaned up, unaware of the argument that happened just minutes before. The seats in Belch’s car were put back into place, and he just assumed everyone was in a foul mood due to being hungover.

Once everything was packed, they piled into Belch’s car, leaving behind a couple empty bottles and fire pit. Jim just smiled to himself, flicking his cigarette out of the roof of the speeding car once he had finished it. He wished he brought a pair of sunglasses, but it wasn’t too sunny that it hurt to watch the countryside turn into suburb.